

When I was a child my father was a car mechanic, he was so careful
over the car & cleaned & polished it every time we went
out. I was driving 26 yrs & never had an accident.
My brother Oliver who had the boot factory for 8 years
took us away to Devonshire for holidays paying all
expenses, a little place called Shaldon we went
every year. I drove always & enjoyed it, he was a
very generous man & doing well in the factory. My
brothers always called me Bab, & he would say if you
want anything special let me know. He had a nice car of
his own but preferred coming out with us, for years we
took Oliver & his wife Nestor out every Saturday for a drive
outing, I had to go with her to buy her clothes & he
always bought her a nice coat as well if she had one,
he paid mostly for the car expenses, he was drawing
a good salary from the factory. We enjoyed our
holidays with him. If I opened my purse, he would
say put that away. A very generous man, a great
pity, he too like my mother lost his memory at the end
& it was very sad his wife also. Their daughter & son
in-law inherited all her possessions, He lent me \$100 when
we bought our house, I gave him an I.O.U., a few years
before he died he said, Here is that I.O.U., Bab.